

Toil &

Delivery

Bill F.

NDI

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TOIL & DELIVERY

Poems by Bill F. NDI



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AUTHOR'S NOTES

Why *Toil & Delivery*? Let yourself be charmed, be ensnared, go under the spell of the muse and imagination before enduring the pains of shelling the nuts in which the pleasurable and edible charms are hidden. Be these poems local or global, political or personal, African or non-African, Western/non-Western, about place, politics, women, home, family and religion, be ensnared to birthing and attaching some sense into them. The poems are! They mean what you bring and inject into them. In every poem in this collection each and every reader would find something that talks of/to their condition tickling reflections that tempt and leave non indifferent.

I would like to express sincere gratitude to fellow Australian poet and academic Maria Takolander of Deakin University for her patience in reading and reviewing the poems in this collection in their manuscript form.

FOREWORD

The poems in Bill NDI's *Toil & Delivery* can be as playful and loaded as the clues in a cryptic crossword puzzle, which is to say that they are marked by a strange, energetic hybridity. They occupy a dynamic space between nursery rhyme and visionary Romantic verse, between the colloquial and the archaic, between postmodernity and anachronism. They are local and global, political and personal, Western and non-Western. In 'Paying the price thrice to rice', for example, we read about 'Mother Rice / Thought her a sweet & nice / Mom' who is, in fact, more like 'Nebuchadnezzar in old Babylon'. The poems are about place, politics, women, home, family and religion, and are all grounded in references to the earth, its landscapes, its cycles and its harvests—the sun, the moon, stars, fire, anthills, rice, fruit. Bill F. NDI, whose experience traverses both Africa and the West, is one of those poets who gives meaning to the word globalisation. Bill F. NDI is also a poet who embraces poetry as a material act in a troubled world, even if poetry's power is conveyed with typical irony. 'Strong, strong weak', for example, begins with 'Too strong at picking up a gun / And weak, weak, weak at lifting a pen' and ends with 'Too strong, strong at picking up a pen / And uphill Bully only see in him / Nothing but Job / Grabber / Job / Reincarnated!'

An extraordinary collection with utmost inventiveness which deserves critical attention!

Dr Maria Takolander
Literary Studies and Professional and Creative
Writing
Deakin University

Tyro

In bed

sick

thick

Like a caged baby bird

Thoughts dashed through

Projecting a bitch

That once was!

Her name: Cannon

For she could charge like one

And one day found sick

She had to be put to sleep

And witnessing the putting

Of this sick bitch to sleep

Didn't, on the spot, just bring to sight

This big load to carry

All alone not in a boat

Down into the abbot

U

N

D

E

R

!

Where awaits the boatman!

SANDER & CHRISTER

Sander the explosive

Christer the positive

Two good

friends

All in class would theirs stood on ends

And I looked up

And blows I saw fly up

And on each other they fell

And that with me sat not well

As I bring them to question

Was told far from their intention

It was their class'

To see them break the glass

Through which they their friendship

Saw

But with eyes and no saw

Nor sword

Till their classmates' word...!

"Don't ruin that you cherish

Just because others this wish!"

Came from within the voice

And they made their choice

Saying "Sorry!"

"Sorry!"

And with a handshake

The plague

Quaked seeing

Before dying

It's grave

Dug by the grave

Standing their ground

With me at the background!

PAYING THE PRICE THRICE TO RICE

Growing up we delighted in Cultivating rice!

Grown up delighted in seeing the Sun rise!

And heard of Mother Rice

Thought her a sweet & nice

Mom

In whose lexicon

Murder

Hadn't its place for a mother

But like Nebuchadnezzar in old Babylon

She rules Babylon!

With fellow human beings

In a fix

And with a P

Affixing her name

And greeting her fame!

With the world paying her thrice

The price!

dArkness
 road
 and
 tomb
 one
 reality
 one way
 pass-
 port
 to
 cross
 fly
 down
 he-
 !re
 with light
 obscurantism
 o
 l
 evasion.

My light knows not east nor west
 For His rise nor for His nest.

TIME
(6758576)

Bird above the world flying
So high, within you caging
Mystery that rears death
Spurs admiration and would, up
'Bove all thee join where
you like dot display wisdom
And bury mourning at dawn.

SPECTACLES

Nature has insight
One to restore sight,
And envision afore time,
Restore the scum's prime
With or without broom
To allow his freedom to bloom.

THE BROKEN BOND

Chains link us to life

And to it we cling

Ignoring

True warriors, warriors of Peace must

The chains of our physical world break...!

Not until then we are slaves

Lugged around by waves

Like dead leaves

In a stormy sea....!

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

What does it matter
Taking me for the shadow of matter
Or myself
When in life no elf
Came to show the world that which I am:
A heart that would never pick up an arm?
How does it change the order,
The order of things past, present or
Even the advent of the universe
To pen a verse?
What & where is life?
Is it this stupid jive?
Is it shitty,
Iffy
?

Hic et nunc,
Life is sapid!
And we must sip it!
And we must zip it!
And that's life
For which all should strife!

Like all the others

We are having a lay over

With no thoughts

Of a hang over

Come tomorrow

But of a stronger marrow

And the clock ticks

Like drips from licks

And all we aspire

And discard the mire

Is none but a better

Greasy morrow with butter

To butter whose bread,

When the dire need for children is seen as a threat?

Rise from rags to rugs
From grass to grace
And be schooled in every art of grace
Like Richard Cory
If thou never did wear rags
Then thy end like Cory
Is none but a sorry
Plight
Neither flight
Nor might
Can fight...!

STRONG, STRONG WEAK

Too strong at picking up a gun
And weak, weak, weak at lifting a pen
He like a pendulum swings his forte
And points him at poor little weak Billy
Poor little weak Billy from the foothill
That hosts the colourful anthill
Which in his youth led and won
Him wars against uphill Bully the gun
Carrier.

Too strong, strong at picking up a pen
And uphill Bully only see in him
Nothing but Job

Grabber

Job

Reincarnated!

CHILDHOOD RAIN SHOWERS

Oh! Harmless rain showers
Showers of comfort, love and gentleness
Full of promises
Your caresses
Your music
I crave
And I see
A cloud of tourists
The like of an army
Invading
The Notre Dame Bridge
Under
Each time your drums start
And drive me to thinking
The devil 'mself
Gave them a chase!
And inwardly, I tilt my eyes
To seeing their tinted glass of ignorance!

FRUITS OF BLISS

My star is golden gold

Forever she shines!

Shining!

Attempt not to cloud

Her. Constant

In the like clouds

Aren't; stable, unchanged

And shining always golden gold!

A CHILDLESS FATHER HOPES

Airborne I fly without wings
But continental's
And Every inch away from my boys
I would I fell apart with the voice
And thought of missing a darling
Leaving my mind a ringing
Dazed by sages grown speechless
And I blame not them for I know
Like them my heart is not heartless
Reflections through the gorgeousness
Of the loving kids I sadly miss...!
And here above and humble
In vain, I search for our professed and proclaimed
Greatness and pray these kids
Grow to show mankind this...!

A TRIBUTE TO EVERY MOTHER

The clock ticks
The heart beats
All telling of the passing time
Recalling the sweet incubator
That for months generated heat
For these passing beings
Here, you as well as we are
Here owe her
Divine and heavenly

Duties

All hers by right:

Love

And

Cherish

Her

Her

Pride...!

See us grow into parenthood
And herself into grand motherhood!

THE UNDERGROUND PARIS

The monsters rarely show up
Trailing the entrails of mother earth
Searing her

And

Opening up their mouths

At one end to gulp in

And at the other

Vomit out!

To brave the courage

I made this experiment of dying

Before the real...

A real experience!

That inexpressible gloom on all faces

In her entrails

Driving me home

Just that sense of life

In the Grave!

One for the grave-

Less...!

BORN FREE FREEBORN

Up in the sky

Like a bird flying high

Quest none but a resting

Tree branch

On which to perch

And

Hoping

Having

Found one, must on it land!

BOXING RING

Surprised as a kid,
Was challenge to a boxing duel,
Knowing no ring,
Ringing no bells
Nor having any fuel,
I grabbed a sheet and a pen
And in response said:
“Go thee therefore unto that wall in front
And give ’m as many gibes as thou canst
Until this pen drops....”
The winner shall be History’s choice....

In my sleepless rest
On a Paris Street bench
I saw a shadow swagger by
And his gaits in all pride chanted:

“I am....

I am....”

And my humble inner man
In that sleepless dream

Quested: “what?

Or what else other than
One of these shadows walks
And passes by,
Peopling the earth
Not to think of death
With desperate hope they are here to stay...!

TOURIST EXTRAORDINAIRE!

Like a shooting star
From point A to B shooting,
He dashes from village to village
From town to town
From city to city
From country to country
And from continent to continent!
Amazed, a star follows shining
The way shining through the dark
That dark obscurantism
Rooted in their assertion!

COMMEMORATION

Looking at clouds
Cluster in moulds
And sail in sky
Grooms brain spy
To image
Man's voyage
Along whose courses
He fight for causes
To destinations
Unknown with no solutions
To his utter bewilderment
Crystallising the quest for the fate of great men
Who sojourned
And journeyed along
Unnoticed to macrocosm
But to microcosm;
Should one think and know
One unknow_
Able, mystery will become
Placeless in every lexicon...
You may ask why
Such silly thought...? Why?
Simple my response:

Ages before I was,
By the first war
Who shook the world
My sun rose,
By the third's eve, off he dosed.
None saw the sunshine,
I felt it's warmth in mind.
And same date
As today, with no date,
News came my key was lost.
It was not dusk
With abandon, I
Pondered why...!
The absence,
A tree's that in essence,
Constitutes in itself
A forest and falls off.
Walking pass through,
I realised 'twas true
All left was artificial
And nothing natural;
None ever laughed again
But showed their teeth, the laughter, maimed.
Should your sun precious set,
May I ask... my thought

That stupid
Or the journey worth starting?
It marked not the end of things
Though overturned many things:
Solitude ignited same Friday
And today, Tuesday
Would preciously mark own end
Before my journey's end
For people to look at Biography
Cautioning peace
In Peace
Nursing the import of History.

OUR AWE OBJECTS

In the animal kingdom
Is tortoise's wisdom
While all women,
Irrespective of their patriotic,
Nationalistic, lovable 'n even
Loving feelings, awe even their folk.

PRURIENCE

Home on tree branch
A pear smiles at earth;
Quitting home branch,
In trance, fell a heart
Weighting him leafy,
Which, without comments, sturdy,
In her swatted
And left in mosquito larvae;
The oomph, oops!
Yeast
To raising seeds
From milch pear,
Fruits shall bear.

VOMIT

Experience regurgitates
Unmanliness manifest
In Bray skull
Believing incidental
Grandeur dreamed
Replicates one lived
Though in jungle still
V.I. and fizzling skill
Out of sight,
Smoothened with spicy speech
Mortal sin number one;
Lying....

THE MESSENGER

Little bee
When you buzz
Would you
In the ears
Of the dead;

Wake them from sleep
To come tell us
Of our Mothers:

Were they these
Buzzards in skirts?

And would for them
Little bee drive them

With your magic
 Music
Take them away from the weak;

These weak preys
With graceless praise
Warranting buzzards' life

As they drop out of life

Buzz your music
Till they top the peak!
Little,
Little Bee !

BOB DOWN THAT JOY
(BEYOND THE ORDINARY)

with the loveliest broad face smile
on the staircase
three little girls
watch on, the case...
one whirls and whirrs
and the other whimpers
its starkness, dreamed, hosts
gusty squall,
drives home screams and all,
straggly hair strands on ends stand;
with fixity mould's ire on sand budge....
Reality...!
Hallucinations, miles away....!
Smouldering, squeals, screams and screeches
They divide; mould chop them with gusto, smudges...!
His joy bobbed up!

BITCH SONG

In chain to herself,
Rejuvenates
Her song's dawn;
Streaming tears
On her face
Walk appeal.
Ecstatic goes she
Drawing him on the retina
Like slave masters
 Slave masters
Draggled slaves' serfs.

At her
Master
In chain
Holding
Tight at
That end
She laughs
Wags and sings:
"I am, I am
Peptic
Countess'

Duchess’

Empress’

Mistress...”

I WONDER

Why not ten poems

A day in Paris?

Was the interrogation!

I would I could fifty

In an hour

Were I not to spend

That running to catch

The bus

The subway

For my job

The course

And grab a sandwich

For a bite...!!

So goes life in Paris

And so are the fifty

Per hour poems gone!

Poems I would

Twelve hundred have done

A day

Lie buried in this CT

Not the woods in her backyard of yesteryears

Up the Hills of Montmorency

Where centuries ago

Rousseau

Birtherd the *Contract*

That engineered the Revolution

That kill the *Contract*

At full revolution

Leaving the streets of Paris

With poems littered

The range of which stretch so far to the grange:

From the gloomy frown in the subway

To the half gloomy grin on the passage way

Such dazzles as would revive Chaucer's May

Stun as to why all Parisians aren't poets...!

THE VOICE OF A RESTING SOUL

When I accepted death my son
You were too poor son
Too poor to offer a drink
Those who clustered around the thing
I'd become; one for the deeps
Or one ready to sail in the sea like ships!
You placed in my hands
To take down to my New Hammock
Two sheets with your mind
In them reading that hyper lucidity
Which stopped people from straining
For my parting after my part playing
And leaving for the young theirs
And I did then acknowledge
Taking cognizance and full knowledge
Of thy plainness of heart
Of the love you did all thy
Span in mine conceal
To give you nothing but this seal
And through it you shall yourself
Humble till the day the self
Gets much of that world and say:
“For that I did enjoy and (h)ate, I must pay.”

I loved telling you stories
You loved them and read histories
Of this land to which I now belong
From the time church bells tolled: “ding dong”
Inviting me to saying, in spite of your wishes, “quit”
And you did respond with a saucy word: “shit”
Before admitting good believers (Christians)
Must their mouth shot, maintain
That silence needed by a sleeping man
Especially one like me, in his eternal sleep found!
Taking along my tongue of a teller
I leave you a pen and the soul for a thinker
To set the brains and thoughts
Of gods in Ivory Towers
Flying above like clouds.

Mark! Humble
Your humble self; fish no trouble
Till you your invitation accept
For people to chant you your excerpts
As lullaby
For you are gone by
You shall love
And love

And love your mission
Without concealing your passion
For penning panegyrics
Which like aesthetics
Multiply beauty
Which with its lovely
Caresses smoothens the gentle passing
Like that song we chanted marching
Down the street!

THE WAY TO GO

Parents envisioned education

And told us

They saw him home coming with the best dividend

And dreamily still we did

Ope our ears wide

Like antelopes theirs when danger sensed,

Hoping schooling issues bread winning ticket!

So we started up with education

So did we realise writing

Could be the ticket itself

And to writing we took

Noting crossing the elixir

To salvation

Salvaging poets from their altruisms!

We must cultivate her!

That's why we are poets

CAPTAIN SALUTES ALL

Besides forces artificial,
Are these under Commodore
Who do Donne shall die;
Always on their marks gunning

Down

Honourable owners
of others.

Daniel the wisest
Was not enough to avert commodore's
Wisdom resides in giving him a thought
Sticking to the middle path
And he'll inform thee before visitation
To have thee with courage sail.....
For that lost land we seek is the courageous'
And cowards linger around
To unveil they lack might.

THE UNSEEN

Nobody I assure

Ever me see

Thus I am sure

Not he nor she'll e'er see me

Told is my story when I pass and flow

Turbulently, in my respect, trees bow

Then can I be felt, not seen!

The cool benediction on them pouring.

IN SEARCH FOR IT

Just a blank sheet of paper
It was never taught, my clock.
Green was its music
For its sake, my clock
The pendulum music
Played better.
Its own sound unforgotten,
Dancing but the pendulum tune.

Turning, search I it in the sheets.
Yet, coming it is never.
Return to myself will tarnish all
But Helens say, “return to yourself, farm it ever.”
In the cave’s under walls
Of what use is it?
Wisdom runs towards our roost.
Chased, hunted and hunting we it find most...!

COMING OF ASH

While hills set on fire in November ablaze,
Trees dance, leaves roll up,
Air current wheezes and chants
And a burning streamside tree in it is thus pushed.
Out's the fire! Light, weak and shriveled, the stem

Floats

The ashes none sees their rise nor fall,
To the bottom have swum 'em
Weeks pass, months die to the near same season,
Like maize visiting the grange in August,
Swims in a cluster,
Breaks open the door, scatters the weeds,
Bathes in the stream
And stops in her its thirst for once for all
As it chants its funeral song!

INFIDELITY IS NOT WOMAN

So sweet and tender
Goaded I was to air out
The only one I could stare at.
She could put out the fire
And were ready to drink me up
When she was or not thirsty
For the practice of the separation
I could not see her on the spot!
Yet, she promised immobility
Which confirms frailty
William's
Appellation of woman!
Well! She is not to blame
For man neither did follow the lane.

THE RETURN HOME

After burden shouldering for years,
Everyone, for rest, goes in homeland.
Approach I my homeland, clad in white
The white of the clouds Rose by the well nourished stream,
Warm, sweet and cold everlasting breeze.
Dumb, deaf and blind I am to any sense.
They scoop one, with me happy in a sedan,
A palanquin, indeed a resting home place.
Why must I in foreign land time waste,
If ants can their nests in the darkest night visit?
Father me sent and now me call'st.
To his company keep, How can I object?
So, to homeland must I go!
Yet, compatriots cease not plaint;
But in homeland furrow must I father seek.

FOR BETTER &

Flame consumes mountain.
No extinguisher stopping him,
He gobbles all.
Now, craving fallow by wave-less shores,
Mountain yearns him most, his warmth.
Conscious of efforts to resuscitate death,
Sentient fire is obligated
To turn towards mountain;
Inter one case of infarct
For she harbours ashes,
Fire's offspring, undeniable!

BROOMSTICK

A world on it own!

An instrument to clean;

Yet, for filth,

Cannon to drive

Him into his grave with just one touch.

Insects settle on him

Ignore his might

In tyrants' hands,

The auto-willed supreme of creation,

For broomstick is harmlessly

Deadly !

THE MADMAN SAID:

“A woman who lies
To the husband
With the husband
By the husband
Never procreates
His progenies
Even when he in her lies!”

BIOGRAPHY

This child that was
The man that is
The scribe that will be
The tomorrow's laureate
Looked into the childhood world
The world of adulthood
With surprise and hope
All brought to pass in futility
Through K'racy;
The turbulence of trees
In the storm
Summarizing life
In which all we need is
Pray in peace
For peace
And if neither can,
Do one for another !

COUNCILORS : *NONFORM*

Skulking belief in child
Stands up mild, not wild
Not until countered
For squatting under the counter
Dreaded not dreading
As he cropped child to awaiting
Blasting Bayonet
Carriers rallying to him magnet;
Chide thy wild weird world
Wild mild child
In heat hid,
Bubble till thou art hit
To breathe fireworks'
Colours of art works
That like one-sided dice
Curbed days and humbled old Great Ozymandias!
In thee, breed like meek viper
That bile to bleed and down any scoffer.

MAILMAN

The thirst for
Life's west end;
The sable goon,
Sleep's elder brother
All long for ladder
To attaining God's home gate
Is shaggy reality for the incinerator
Born of Pol Magpie,
The magnate.
The goon's elder sister
So sweet, silken
Tender and pleasant,
Lulls vexations
When in her, one himself finds
Like a Parisians' eyes
On a quaint yokel.
This the private postman octogenates;
Deserting enveloped anguish,
A box, simian's
In the bank

Across.

MY KEY

Came the key from far away
The key that could unlock!
Swam into it left and right;
Moistened, it opened, I saw the sun's bright.
Marching from and for where?

This panegyric I must sing
The key's mark? Stephen!
Lengthy and greasy he is.
In his paternal click,
Pluto he is one knows.

With broad board face mused
"Be cantonlike and candid,
My face you'll have. Speed fractures!
Little drops inundate! Stand by it,
Your finger you'll never bite!"

Hasty, my head up, ears blocked,
Not much more any good did it do;

Biting the finger from a slumber,
Took I his words.
Myself, I realized, duped!

Same to my brothers, he bid.
Down you would be dragged, were you hasty in life
They tested it and it happened
Just that I did: retired.
Some bulky fishes they caught.

Stephen the God loving one
Never did he love lies!
Hammer the nail, by it die
He loved not to lie in praise
With untenable weight.

His pupils and children, he read
The way Hughes, Dunbar and Griffin did versify.
Always showing the way forward.
Never done as would our Heads,
In solving a communist's plight.
Stephen, what a father!
God-fearing, child loving, and upright,
Were all plus our heads Stephen?
Oh, what a great height for joy?

O, reverse the order, one cannot.

Staying out of his sight,
Almost cost me my life.
But, how could I help it?
For my future, this, he wanted
And I could not but wish!

His larynx's vibration to go hunt,
Hunting those papers
Which "thine wives they'd be." If not,
"Progenies if Priapus smiles not.
Wisdom thine pride not wealth!"

To fertilize his yearnings,
Set I wandering
Like tree leaves in Fall
Falling off a lovable tree
Only to climb back manure-like.

Yet, just out of decomposition phase one
And stepping into the second,
Wishing his leaves broader smiles,
He set my lachrymal glands at work
Questioning why he is gone so early.

Knowing he was terrestrial,
One could not but expect such.
Others, weep not with me as good Christians
Respecting this village's tradition
Praying his soul sojourn well!

ACUMEN

Man's Greatness:
The Nothingness
Of All Odds
He Accepts.

MITIGATION (*Plea by a marooned Pen*).

Blessed Poet
Spare that soul
Whose ignorance
In the gutter
Me sent idling,
That rich poor soul !

Ye rescued me
And with me
Bury him not
Nor in pen, put
Him not like
Would gaolers.....

With thee, in sooth
Would, I pen poems
Slaying not
That poor rich!

Creator poet,
I acknowledge
Thee creator;
For that wisdom,
Work up minds
Pensively fine!

HEROIC ENTERPRISE

Starts like child's play
And seed sown same day,
Ticked the clock over,
Each tick left a hang-over
For two seventy days, all he gathered
And the enterprise confirmed
Him hero some day
After the enterprise father ventured.
He smiled at the world
And stopped to listen
To a new comer mourning
Next cot,
With the twist of a cod
He smiled again
Showing the nothingness of worldly gain.

THE DIRGE

The child I was, heard one chanted.
Its thrill to my father I repeated.
Hailed him its nicety,
Frowned he at my naivety
And his face wrinkled for my poor timing
And my mouth hurried to question:
Why? "You shall know!" did
My mouth seal
And today I would I sing
One
On seeing autocracy buried;
His spectre like my late father's
Hushed me for my trembling mouth
To sing autocracy is there
And not autocracy is dead,
This, his expectation from song-makers;
Panegyric, his gluing sticker.

BARREN DAYS

Vacuum of literary creativity

Nursery of same creativity

Compromise barrenness & fertility

Making a congruous union:

One for the creator

Hardly visible to the eye

‘Cos it roams round hearts.

SEA FARING

Everyman adventure
And everywhere
In the forest
On the mountain
On the coast
In the ship
Sails until sails are down
To exit shrunk
And gayest of all beings
For 'tis not forgoable
When sea lion lifts head
As rulers ruling supreme
To reason
And must dive in
For that makes 'm spring stiff.

CALM DOWN

Peace of mind is thy plight
Dwell not in camera to find her
Nor languish over fate's decision
For the content of the womb is unknown
Not until it is unbundled.
Yet, life's success is not in examination
Nor can the reverse be true.
Though 'tis painful and sickening
For pupils to spend years' nights in insomnia
Only hoping for something
In those many years to come,
Which have, to reap yet a thing
We must not stoop low in front of lot
For one never goes off its hands,
Fate's decision must not part us
'Cause we must wage it till the fateful day
We will be needed home
Then shall we part
Each in a sedan to cross
This rugged sea of life.

RIVULET

Stockpile under the crust,
After the rain's tap thrust, it burst.
His pious pavement, he searches.
Continuously, he to the mouth reaches.
But for rebirth, to the mother return,
He never to his source return,
Embracing the ocean as he draws near
With shorter steps than taken first steps, for fear.

DESTINY

On the tarmac, the well pregnant ocean
See I. Miles it stretches far away.
Languidly, draw I near the ocean.
Running, it hurries away....

Higher, higher, higher height!
Undulate me to the ocean meet;
Never my destination make I
Yet, mirages be that I see.

MORPHEUS

In sleep stream
Myself told me
In the wood
Owls hoot.

In bed,
Spell-cast
I eye 'em
With claws
Move close
And withdraw.
Alone
I groan

Fiction it was
At Morpheus'.

THE CALLER

In darkness, grubs
The eyeless lad to doors
Never to sleep goes he;
Only at doors knock he
To call and choose the best of the time.
With numbed cold hands
He calls like an appetite
Hiding its disfigured silhouette.
Finally, when at any door,
And hungry, he never fails to knock.
With not only one joy are the inhabitants
Left: heads down, dancing left and right,
The eyes rain, the floor drown,
With hands over heads,
He's taken to his last bedroom....!

IRREVOCABLE VOICE

Mature was that fruit, yet unripe for harvest.

That night, at the door he gloated.

Early next morn this voice called.

Neither could he stammer nor wobble.

So, he his roost, made a niche.

At the ceiling, his closed eyes were sailing.

Worked not the lachrymal gland.

For it must have anytime come.

Platitude? He must call men to come.

Gone, never again will he hear the purl.

His loving time keeper halted.

Off is his sun; shunned to shine!

TABLETS OF LIFE

With tenderness, embrace her
And pursue not the unknowable and the unknown
That may spear the heart.
Seek harmony with your surroundings,
Her lovely creatures,
Cast suspicion in the abysm
Like was Lucifer
And his fallen angels.
Then are you sure of life!

Laugh out anguish.
Prostrate to happiness.
When need be create motion
Ascertaining new production
As to grip Life's
Secret in itself, Life!

FOR SURVIVAL

Seeking warmth

In their nest

As they're born

Howl wolf-cubs

Spread on others;

When in her it jumps,

It must stay and strain

To come out wizened

Compensating wolf's whistle....!

WANT

The union is to scoop
The earth; making it palpable.
Bliss is ideal;
One for the ignorant
And the wealthy.
For the scum, ’tis philosophy
For his smoky marriage
With her, the world,
Is archrival to Samson’s
Rewarding a sedulous admiration
For life’s highest aspiration
In the Hereafter.

ASSETS

A man may have a son
To make him shine or shun
For when he grows old 'n blind
The son shall be his eye.

Nature has the sun
Which is not a son
Prickling the mind
To thinking it an eye
For he'll never grow old
Nor shall he radiate cold.

GRANNY FROM A DEEP SLUMBER

Fresh maize and groundnuts eight times dried,
The skies' blue saw'st not ye
And for the journey longed ye the knock and call
Anxiously in that cimmerian eclipse by the squalid door

In ecstasy you are thrown,
Sons, grandchildren and the great-grand ye eye'st
And all on the mountains and valleys under the sun's blades.
The oculist, we extol.

On your soul places not your long longed for friend
Her cold hands, for nil but your beacon I yearned.
Will fall me, if you were snatched, in trance.
Tell me you wait no more for the drab dories.

FIRST AND LAST SPACE

Gulping it? Ever sweet!

At offal expulsion flows sweat

With these moments so happy.

At last it slumps. Stolidity...!

EGG DESTRUCTION

Nine lunar phases after the spray
Cracked and in it fused, comes the prey.
Set is its axis day and night at work.
At full revolution accomplish is the work;
Stop, short it never ticks again!
In a cage, it is planted like a grain!

ON HER NATIVITY

Over is the night, the moon sleeping,
And to sleep goes the owl after this tiresome night
Lighting the birth of the dawn that was and now is.
This morn its eyes ope,
She it did eye
K.M. our hearts burst blooming
With the Spring flower we in November
Missed never.
Yet, nature be divine,
So, to this day, on her,
We our eyes place.
At the brink of th' eclipsed period,
Our heads west setting now does East
And we with her without
Ennui our ecstasy exalt!

Not forgetting that stolidity!

CHASTISEMENT

God inflicts it on man
‘Cause he is love,
Loves Satan;
The most obedient of his servants
Sent parking out of heaven
For man’s love
To stay in heaven with no rival
This act on men,
Replaces Satan’s he buried ages ago!

EQUALITY

Like twins, identical,
This chant's ecclesiastical;
For to lull the under-looked,
Having him hooked,
Just one praise
And the rest disgrace
With smiles
Swimming on files
To inter ignominy of this act;
Parallel Paul's Act.
Mortal

Petal

Of earth's Flowers
Yearning followers
To stretch hands
As teacher on pulpit stands
With traditional wisdom
Impervious to exotism in his kingdom
Though, so ardent a preacher
Of equality, this teacher!

THE FEAST

Races on earth

Goad topman

And in the celestial

God on Lucifer feast....

DELIRIUM

Amidst men
Mean side of men
They think
They feel
They were
The wisest
Of the wise
Perching on others
Not in the order
That is highest
In a dukedom;
The animal's.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Muteness,

My garb

All my life,

Wore out

For me to shout:

‘I am’

But my inner man,

My brother

Glimpse in me

In this century

Of the Isms

A drum beater.

Socrates’ me

Should be the most dreaded

Yet, my palms’ blisters,

My drums’ sounds

And the souls pleasure

Maintain SIMA’s face....

BECOMING A WAIF

CHILD: Father, Father....
 Hearing is ears'
 Speaking, mouths'
 Seeing, eyes'.
 You promised, "later on",
 Give me your ear,
 A word
 Ope your eyes,
 Use these senses!

INTRUDER: Poor you, cut is that trunk!
 That's his stump
 They do not speak
 Nor do they hear
 Some say they do
 With butchered silver lining....
 The why, you shall know
 Maybe, like many, not....
 Poor thing!

CHILD: Healthy, I am rich!
 I have a father
 Not a tree stump!

INTRUDER: He is gone!
 Hear the gun

Rumbling like thunder;

He's now under....

Or, where is he?

CHILD: Lies! Not Under !

At the Hospital....

He voiced....

INTRUDER: And that ridge?

CHILD: A pavement

People prepared him!

Let him pass through....

But there is no Hosp...

Voice! Where is the place?

INTRUDER: Come, come sojourn with us!

Make merry with us!

And tomorrow, tomorrow,

Many, many tomorrows

With him you'll dine

In festive merriment

As others would strain

Their brains,

Eyes as you

Now do!

CHILD: I don't like plurals

I don't like singulars

Why not draw it come now
As my eyes blink?

INTRUDER: Your day's insomnia
Your night, sleep
And in his breezeless night,
He slept
With the starlight!

CHILD: This glebe is a desert
No trees only dates....
He goes alone, leaving me!
Why did he have me
When today I am not his?
He was the desert oasis
And I the desert plant....
Voice, your promises are
The mirage to the desert wonderer....
I am thirsty
To halt it, I need him now!
If you are severance's responsibility,
Send him back to me....
I implore you!

INTRUDER: Come to us!
Quest no more than you need,
Tomorrow we shall all leave;
Desertion is part of this show!

He has done his!

I am gone

And let's be gone!

CHILD: Plodding hard-heartedly,

I'll join your wagon

And that day you, engine,

Stop,

I would it end there

On becoming a waif!

The emptiness of the world

Is hope full

And hope a solvent

To insoluble ups

And

Downs

Along the roads

Of life

On which people plod;

Now he is anymore

I will be bored,

Let me trek....

NOSTALGIA

On my bed in sleepless ennui
Rolling round and round
My thoughts are turned unto that one Lady
On whose laps I slept warm and sound
And these thoughts rolling my eyes
Goad my expectations to seeing this belle
Yet, all that's left is none but the stony
Source of my tears' Spring
Letting the tears roll down my cheeks
Whenever I roll the balls of these Eyes
In the way of my bony
Lass!!
By Gwad!!
Take away my food
Take away my drink
Take away my peace
And give me no sleep
Nor rest
But give me her
And I will show you
That all I lost I found
She is Food
Drink

Sleep

Peace

And rest

And this is the Lady I, like everyone, for

Long Longed for !!

GINNERS

A mind in a cup planted!
Can it be by any means uprooted?
Doctors' dissuasions? O, No!
Take them no heed of doctors' counsel.

At the hearths of the mud huts, for cooking? No wood!
With leaves, wives roast cocoyam. With no soup,
Content are they, in suit, rakish kids ragged.
Yet, see not them that. In the dark so lit they're to be read.

When in alcohol stream, blood shortage,
Waning and enervation ensue; to the furrow take them;
To oblivion goes "sweet mützig.... Famous hymn!
Not even in daylight can they be read though up lit.

Why in cups plant minds
Kissing them all long day and night,
Only to bend over for mouth to snap open,
Denigrating the adage, "A slow poison is alcohol?"

CHANGE

Like trees that produce fruits
And are less talked of;
With all attention only to fruits
Focussed,
I am the mother of all wars,
The father of all wars,
And none but I guide
Every human and natural action;
Though discarded
With only my goals, in mind planted,
I am just, invincible master
Of the Universe!

CHASE OF THE TRIUMPHANT

As they homeward make warm and gay,
By the hearth squats the viper.
At the sight of them,
Her bile explodes. She took to the feet.
The lens she casts on them falls
On the retina hosting their silhouettes
With red feathers on the hats.
For a break must have gone the night jar.
Her mind's mind never pictured such.
It was her prodigal's all along success....
Yet, why this boomerang?
Falling on her are four of the pointing fingers,
Of her that on them falls just one. Goodness!
On them she casts a dagger but it falls on her:
Giving her a taste of the icing on her cake.
Another try,
West goes the spears she throws East
And she leaves heavy headed.
Much more than a dunce she coughs,
Now quarantined, she is averted
As the triumphant set the faces East
And the rays of a dawn on them falling.

DYING '85

Slowly, behind the god of stones
Thy twilight wanes,
Darkness thee crushing
To make way for another
'85 of Love and hate, hope and failure;
A year of anguish,
One of joy
The good bad old days of thine gone!
Sad and happy moments all gone!
Going to where are thine happy moments?
Shall we in another time share these moments?
To voice the wrong right, not thee nor I
Can. For the nod never was and never will be right.
Yet, the unknowable must thee take
'85, "adieu" I bid thee wake,
Prepared is thine room as thou sail.
For me, set a room, don't fail!
On thy way, recall to my succulent eighty-six
Not to attach thine awful hate and anguish
As her dawn comes breaking the rugged crowd.
In my hands I bid her welcome.

THE BLIGHT

With sole hope for its end to come

My people in maze stare at him

When the season of blight comes

Grudging him as an enemy

Relegating themselves his

And he is just a creature

in the race to fend

on others defending his image

it is not unusual

as heads weigh heavily on necks

then they are the blight of necks

and if we can't decapitate them

why attempt on plants

wanting to shine bright

like these denigrated heads

whose only joy

is stay

and strain necks, their dome.

All shall squat beguiled

And that's nature at work

Becoming factitious

Segmenting society in strata.

URCHIN

Mosquitoes' mutiny
A song so tiny
Like a new born child
With no dour print of chide
But admiration
Causing no motion
Though it trekked, no groped
Through the uric road
Prickling throats for a toast
As parents of the dolt boast,
Till in action, his sting
Clutches them to spring
With cacophonic sighs
For noosing heads in melodious sound;
Blinked. From their thighs,
To his knees fell on the ground....

THE PLANTS' CALL: THE HIDDEN NAME

The plants, hefty shrubs
Are beautiful
Promising good harvest.
This, less watched,
Throws her in reflection pool,
Questing alone her produce
Till skies on hills fall;
She sobs storm undo her.
Yet the leech with arms
To retort the imminent slip
Miring him
Beams a lee to asphyxiate
And will use the loot his way,
Not by others placed on rails
To blaze plant's train's trail
Hiring sadhu, accountant;
His potency countered....

DEMISE'S RESIDENCE

Just the moment they their
Meals had and others theirs
Preparing, came the stampede
After five days warning....
Though of sapiens' making, than being,
Clement nature responsibility shouldered, traduced.
Yet, in midair the decoy on both sides, stood.

Cursed neutron, than botha's bastion blast,
Swashbucklingly, marched thy nauseous stench
Behind screened benediction;
For extermination, an inhalation.
Yet, for not the prey falling,
Never was the bitter truth echoed:
For nowhere since Genesis has it blasted,
But, why, twice on our SIMA has it exploded?

MINERVA'S GRAVE

With thy brother's birth pronouncement,
On our knees we meditate.
Quickly come to our rescue,
Forced, we sit and sniff it
In this incinerator, sunk,
Though with those of a world
A different and rugged one from ours
To glance and search a ticket,
The bread ticket. But, touch it,
Calorielessly we've been mounting
Under that tongue, strenuous and weighing.
A tongue, more than less a stranger,
Not to my tongue
But that of this borrowed one.
Yet, in the frozen waters of this tomb,
Leaflikely floating, I my brothers see,
With uneducated literate ones booing.
How can one touch that ticket at the bosom?
Why not leave my borrowed taste-bud?
It wants a stand, a stand in this sham.

how it got lost

dangling left and right
turning backward and forward
then it meant not for me twilight
the long enjoyed ties severed
cajoled being I caitiff
under the cross it gave for being idol
the famous dictum never any such rubbish
pour on your ancestral dud

yet for us construct 'em stone to worship
knee crooking we hail christ on the cross....
before back turning the roots are tapped, drained

want of libation I my face turn to culture
harriers had it away taken
ages before meeting her
in paris
i paid for georges pompidou
heard of the louvre
hurried there to lose finances
feast eyes
on skulls and sculptures from grandy's!

PROSELYTIST

The truth is me.
Reach him through me.
To me God speaks.
Through another person,
Hell bound you are
Like Muslims,
Catholics,
Buddhists,
And the animists.
Child question not
About those
With crown of mishap
Who'll never see me
For the scale shall
By their value be!
Ask not my fate
Were I in Mecca born.
In faith I'd be Christ,
One for that pagan society
As the other for the Jewish.
Say not, "how do you know them pagan?"
They worship an idol, alas!
Voice not the crucifix;

That's the glorification of my god.
Query not his slow descend;
A test of the faith of his creation.
The word that I am lived with god,
And none but I hold him.
Now, question. Just one!
Is God's image bad,
How good is God then?
'Tis heresy!
Damn!
To Hell you are bound!

OPTIMISTS

With gloom
The only bloom
Keep this broom
As a groom
Wearing a smile
To screen the pile
That makes the pyre
For faithfuls to cluster round a lyre
Playing to uplift hearts
Musing: "all was not hard."
Though her face was all warts
That buried her smile in a ward.

Darkness must not rule.
The West, sun's grave should.
Keep ye this basic truth,
Wilt thou,
Quest only the upper part
With its affluence
Not the lower with all scarce
Even when thou art there
Dream and claim thou were elsewhere
And thou would be, with a panegyric, lauded

Like god of good humour
Though thou seest grievously no armour;
Such, thou art the good sample optimist,
Yet, thy shadow follows and persists
And thou shall forever insist
O, optimists
Plod along the mist....

SEVEN OVER ALL

“T” haunts brains
to meddling with that of Two
(I’d have echoed tom)
which sends them to that of tree
mirroring the universe’s silhouette
looking like a tree-trunk
straining under branches, fruits,
with no attention given him
when he shall lie,
the world shall crawl
like Mr. Fallus out of the valley.
Seven sit on All.
The number balances the call
With the first receiving four letters
And all just two
Saying why cripples
Desire Limbs....

SCULLERY

Endless fruitful society for three
Entirely infested by foreign rats
With self interest,
Each in a burrow,
Rough sea for Southern Prey;
Limbless misery,
Concludes that absolutely
Obsolete theory
Suppressing Ideas,
Essential reading
Relating all to himself; Mr. Predator,
Concerned about growth.

requiem

as storm roots up the iroko,
“it is a song note
when you bid farewell
earth
you shall know well!”
the old man said nodding off;
his box at park age stuffed.

on the front as bullets sting
i have no one to sing
especially as i am anymore;
gone to rest by his accord;
my compatriot’s
of this species deployed.

folks look for my grave
and would never find it
for i am buried in her,
when the tap opened
the greenery changed
red, reason
for my requiem’s absence.

though not a want
of the absentee,
by the cenotaph one
is given.

HEART BEATS

Together, two hearts,
Brought, than with
Passion consume fruits
Of Mother Nature,
These two with awe
Uphold staring
As if pricked by some strange sting
And would not embrace
And digest the crumbs
 Of sentiments
Ridding them of sediments
With Patience's
Abject prescience
To turn miraculous,
Consummation Magnanimous....
Chanted songs by the world
Did traverse the tympanum and no word

Stored;

Yet, savoured
Everything as would eyes

On lakeside Roses.

MY LETTER

To be upheld by humanity
Is God's most perfect gift
In which resides a miracle
In the hearts of men,
How it happens is unknown
Nor where it takes its rise,
But the happiness it brings
Gives not but a special life
For we look at one another
With love and admiration
Hate and disgust,
Yet, there is proof of worthiness
That gives us broad smiles,
Boost our friendship;
On the contrary case, lament,
Cursing and questing why
We knew one another
Which in most cases almost
Reaches the maternity
But with such a worthy proof
At the acme is found one word:
Love
Summarizing Friendship

That outweighs fraternity
And flying above a dove.

SEEING FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Dearth is the rich man's nightmare

Richness is the poor man's dream

One colourful dream

None can spare

And all would bear

The thoughts of shortage ware

The rich

And same enrich

The poor

Drive them to industry

As it does the rich to misery

And why not the third world's?

MY STAR

Yellow,

Yellow,

Yellow,

My star is not Jewish Yellow
But like it, she follows me day and night
And often times, I feel the might
The might to let her go, but this dream
Hardly comes true for she flashes her beam
Reflecting the calm of a morning
Her country's fame to mind bring
The calm of morningness
And/or the mornings of calmness

And she shines

She shines

Yellow,

Yellow,

Yellow...!

Bill NDI's Toil & Delivery can be as playful and loaded as the clues in a cryptic crossword puzzle, which is to say that they are marked by a strange, energetic hybridity. They occupy a dynamic space between nursery rhyme and visionary Romantic verse, between the colloquial and the archaic, between postmodernity and anachronism. They are local and global, political and personal, Western and non-Western. With experiences traversing both Africa and the West, Bill F. NDI is one of those poets who gives meaning to the word globalisation. He embraces poetry as a material act in a troubled world, with poetry's power conveyed with typical irony.

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